

# The Cass County Republican.

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## The Republican.

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D. H. WAGNER,  
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JAMES SULLIVAN,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

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Mechanic and Engineer. Foundry and Machine Shop, at the foot of Front street, near the railroad bridge, Dowagiac, Mich.

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Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State.

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GEORGE SMYTH,  
Dowagiac, October 11, 1858. oct14-30yl

### The Two Angels.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;  
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath  
The sombre homes heard with plumes of smoke  
Their attitude and aspect were the same,  
Alike their features and their robes of white;  
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,  
And one with asphodel, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way:  
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,  
Best not so load my heart, lest thou betray  
The place where thy beloved are at rest.

And he who wore the crown of asphodel,  
Descending at my words, began to knock,  
And my soul sank within me, as in wells  
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,  
The terror and the tremor and the pain,  
That oft before had filled and haunted me,  
And now returned with three-fold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
And, hushed, for I thought I heard God's voice,  
And, knowing whoso'er He sent was best,  
Dared neither to flinch nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house with light,  
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;  
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.

Then at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,  
The angel with the asphodeline wreath,  
Pausing, descended, and with a voice divine  
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow upon those features fair and thin;  
And softly from the hushed and darkened room,  
Two angels issued where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wills his hand,  
The mist collect, the rain falls thick and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his:  
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, disobedient his,  
Against His messengers to shut the door?

From the New York Mercury.  
The Adventures of a Night; or, why  
Jedediah Brown became a Teetotaler.

BY LOUIS N. BURDICK.

It was eleven o'clock at night, and  
Jedediah Brown had not returned.  
It was a circumstance which raised  
In the mind of Mrs. Jedediah Brown  
Mingled feelings of indignation and  
surprise.

Among the mental qualities of the  
lady in question were an abundance of  
those generative of temerity, and  
she was not inclined to allow any in-  
fringement of her matrimonial rights  
with impunity. That she really enter-  
tained for her stern half a deep affec-  
tion, to say the least, all who are any-  
ways acquainted with the domestic  
affairs of the Brown family, can truth-  
fully attest. Still, it is a matter of uni-  
versal recognition that Mrs. Brown  
had a very exalted idea of her own  
merits, and was constantly endeavoring  
to inspire her husband with a due  
sense of the priceless treasure he pos-  
sessed in her.

In the language of a celebrated  
Roman—slightly modified for present  
application:  
"As that she loved Jedediah less, but herself  
more."

As previously stated, it was eleven  
o'clock, and the delinquent Brown had  
not made his appearance.

Allowing the extreme view that Mrs.  
Brown took in regard to the course of  
conduct pursued by Mr. Brown to be  
the true one, that individual was de-  
serving of the strongest censure.

The impatient lady sat before the  
cheerful grate in her little parlor,  
the sharp outlines of her features fully ex-  
posed by the ascending flames, deeply  
ruminating upon the subject of her  
woes. Presently she arose, seized with  
malignant grasp the unoffending poker,  
and fiercely attacked the glowing coals.

It would seem that she stirred up at  
the same time the fire of her anger, for  
its flames burst passionately forth.

"It's too bad!" she exclaimed aloud,  
"it's too bad—it's really abominable,  
that Jedediah should so far forget him-  
self—and me, as to act in this atrocious  
manner!"

She glanced nervously at the clock,  
then seating herself continued:  
"This is—let me see—three, four  
times, as I'm a living soul, that he has  
similarly outraged my feelings within  
a single month; and then he has the  
audacity to excuse himself on the  
ground of 'political excitement.' Now  
I should just like to know what reason  
there can be for a man to make a beast  
of himself, because a new President is  
to be elected a few weeks ahead?"

And as a supplement to the question,  
she fixed upon the unconscious cat,  
who was sleeping on the corner of the  
hearth, such a sanguinary look as must  
have thrilled that feline quadruped with  
feelings of the intensest horror, had  
his reasoning faculties been of the hu-  
man order, and its eyes met the gaze of  
its mistress.

"But I'm not going to allow this  
state of things any longer! I'll teach  
him that the wife of his bosom is en-  
titled to a little more respect! It's a  
shame—a burning, everlasting shame,  
that he should leave me to spend my  
evenings neglected and alone, while he  
is revelling in scenes of wickedness and  
riot!"

Again she started to her feet.  
"I'll not wait for him another minute;  
no, not if his very life and future hap-  
piness depends upon it. I'll go to bed!"  
It is due to the veracity of the lady  
to chronicle the fact that her assertion  
was not fully made—

Mrs. Jedediah Brown went to bed,  
It might have been an hour, it might  
have been somewhat more, when Mr.  
Jedediah Brown approached his resi-  
dence. He did not, however, move

up to the door, after turning the street  
corner, with the dignified stateliness  
which usually characterized him, nor  
did he reach it as quickly as might  
have been expected; for, like a vessel  
beating to windward, he tacked several  
times, running from curbstone to curb-  
stone, and more than once being seri-  
ously in danger of wrecking himself  
in the gutter. At length he was happy  
enough to make port and drop anchor  
upon his own doorstep.

Truth compels us to admit, however  
reluctantly, that Jedediah Brown was—  
drunk!

As he sat upon the lower step, his  
head sank upon his bosom, his badly  
damaged hat crowded down over his  
brows, his neck-cloth askew, with the  
knot in a position under his left ear,  
rather suggestive of a murderer's fate,  
and his entire outward appearance in-  
dicative of an utter regardlessness as  
to his personal aspect, or anything else  
pertaining to this terrestrial sphere, a  
moral reform lecturer would have gone  
into ecstasies at the thought of possess-  
ing such a subject to exhibit before an  
appreciative audience as an unique  
specimen of total depravity.

Whether Mr. Jedediah Brown, at  
that precise moment, had a realizing  
sense of his true condition, it is uncer-  
tain. The air was keenly cold, and it  
may have been that which moved him.  
Certain it is, that he appeared at length  
to come to the conclusion that justice  
to his own self demanded that he should  
find some more attractive quarters.

Accordingly, he assumed an erect  
attitude as possible, and, by a mar-  
velous stroke of good fortune, succeeded  
in reaching and grasping the door  
knob.

Then, from his pocket, he produced  
a latch key, and set about effecting an  
entrance.

To form a determination to do a  
thing, and to effect the "consummation  
devoutly to be wished," are two distinct  
affairs. So Jedediah Brown discover-  
ed on this occasion.

The door was large, and the key-hole  
was small; the night wital, was not  
one of the lightest.

"This is a singular thing," muttered  
Jedediah, in a very thick tone of voice,  
and with exceedingly long intervals  
between some of the words; "this is  
a dreadful singular thing. I think, I  
really do think, that on the whole, it's  
about the most singular thing that ever  
I knew, where the key-hole has gone  
and hid itself. I know I left it here  
when I went away, I'm sure I did—  
and now where is it?"

He ceased from his endeavors to find  
the missing orifice for a few moments,  
as if the last sentence he uttered had  
awakened weighty thoughts in his  
mind. Then he made another futile  
attempt to discover it.

"It's gone sure," he said; "the key-  
hole ain't there. Perhaps somebody's  
stole it—it was a brass key-hole, and  
somebody may have took it for gold,  
and stole it. Or else," he muttered,  
as a faint idea of a wrong perpetrated  
against him on the part of his wife  
crossed his confused mind, "or else  
she's took it inside with her to keep me  
out; shouldn't wonder at all!"

Concluding to make one more effort  
he this time succeeded in finding what  
he had searched for so long.

"Well, well!" he muttered, "this is  
a go; the key-hole was there all the  
while. Jedediah Brown, if you wasn't  
such a respectable person as I know  
you to be, I should be tempted to say  
you were drunk!"

He entered, and after stumbling over  
a hall table, and oversetting the hat  
stand, he managed to grasp hold of  
the stair bannisters. Then, with a  
fresh exertion, he gained the parlor  
door.

The fire was still burning brightly in  
the grate, and Jedediah Brown thought  
it flickered up reproachfully as he  
advanced into the room. So he turned  
his back to the blaze, and steadied  
himself with a chair back.

Happening to raise his eyes, he was  
astonished to behold the figure of a  
man at the further extremity of the  
apartment. The thought of thieves at  
once entered his mind.

"Who're you?" he inquired sternly.  
The mysterious person preserved a  
profound silence.

"Who're you, I say?" cried Jede-  
diah, in a louder tone.

Still the importuned said not a word.  
"Now, look here," you villinous,  
thieving, ugly-looking scoundrel, if you  
don't answer my question I'll sacrifice  
you, I will. Do you hear? What  
business have you in my house, at this  
time of the night?"

As the last inquiry elicited no reply,  
Jedediah, moved by his rising passion,  
moved no further expostulation,  
seized a footstool, and employing all  
his strength in the effort, he threw it  
at the head of the fancied burglar.

The tremendous crash of broken  
glass which followed, awakened the  
deluded man to the important fact that  
he had shivered into fragments his  
wife's costliest mirror, and that the  
imaginary thief was simply a reflec-  
tion of himself.

Before he had time, however, to  
make many reflections upon the matter,  
he was startled by the cry of "Thieves!  
Murder! Police!" and a variety of  
other frantic screams in the shrill voice  
of his wife, who, awakened suddenly  
by the noise, had arose and thrust her  
head from the bed-room window over-  
head.

"Police! police! help!"  
Again it rang out upon the still night  
air.

"What's the muss?" cried a vigi-  
lant guardian of public safety, as he  
made his appearance.

"Burglars!" screamed the lady in  
white, hysterically.  
"Where?"

"Below, in the parlor—I hear them  
now. Help, quick!"

Another policeman at this moment  
arriving, the door was forced open, and  
the two entered.

Mr. Jedediah Brown, becoming  
alarmed at the manifestations he heard  
was reeling towards the door.

"Ha, here he is!" cried one of the  
officers triumphantly.  
"Why, blow me if he ain't drunk.  
He's been below, among the wine."

"Stand off!" cried Brown, assum-  
ing what he intended should be a dig-  
nified attitude. "Stand off! Do you  
take me for a thief?"

"Well, now, I shouldn't wonder at  
all," said policeman number one, in an  
ironical tone, "if we did take you for  
a thief, as far as the station house at  
any rate."

"What's that? Arrest me in my  
own house—drag me from the bosom  
of my family?"

"It won't do, old fellow; you must  
come along with us."

"Never! I say never—no, never!"  
"Have you caught the monster?"  
Where is he?" cried the trembling  
voice of Mrs. Brown, as that cour-  
ageous female made her appearance on  
the stairs, and peered over the bannis-  
ters into the room.

"It's all right, ma'am," said the offi-  
cer, "he's safe enough now."

Just then her eyes fell upon her hus-  
band, and from him, they glanced  
around the room, till they rested upon  
the ruined mirror. She comprehended  
at once what had occurred, and the  
direct indignation arose within her  
breast.

She was about to vent her wrath  
against him, when a brilliant thought  
struck her—she would not recognize  
him! The officers believed him to be  
a burglar, and she would not unde-  
ceive them. It would be a glorious  
revenge.

"What a horrid looking man he is,"  
she uttered, in a tone of apparent alarm.  
"Hold him tight—don't let him get  
away!"

"He is rather a hard 'un, that's a  
fact," replied the officer; "but don't be  
frightened, ma'am, he can't escape."

"What a blessed thing it was you  
came as you did. I wouldn't have had  
him found me for the world. What  
should I have done, if he had?"

Jedediah gazed at his wife with open  
amazement pictured upon his counte-  
nance. He became a little sobered by  
what had transpired, and was sensi-  
ble enough to wish himself well out of  
the embarrassing position he was in.

"Why, Mrs. Brown," he stammered,  
"it's me—Jedediah!"

"Why, the horrid wretch, he knows  
my name!" screamed the lady.

"Know your name! Well, I rather  
think I'd ought to know your name,  
seeing as how I gave it to you."

"Now, look a here, Mrs. Brown,  
don't you come too strong; don't pre-  
tend that you don't know who I am."

"How should I know? Thank  
goodness, I don't keep company with  
such as you."

"Ain't I your husband?"

"Oh, take him away, do—the scan-  
dalous creature."

"Come," said the officers, grasping  
him by either arm, "you can't remain  
here any longer; come along."

The injured Brown resisted this ap-  
peal as well as he was able.

"I tell you're wrong!" he cried,  
grasping the door with both hands.

"Oh, of course we're wrong—of  
course we are; but never your mind,  
and come along with us, and it will be  
all right."

"But this is my house, I say, and  
that is my wife, and she knows it."

The officers, however, were not in-  
clined to credit his words, and insisted  
more strongly than ever that he should  
accompany them. But only by carry-  
ing him bodily along could he be re-  
moved.

"Tell 'em they're mistaken in the  
man," implored Jedediah, appealing to  
his wife, when he found that he could  
not otherwise convince them of the  
truth. "Tell 'em who I am, and they'll  
let me go."

But that good lady only shrunk back,  
and uttered a small scream, as if  
shocked at what she heard.

The rage of her husband was re-  
doubled by this act of perfidiousness.  
"Woman!" he vociferated, turning a  
last look upon her as she stepped  
upon the stairs, "beware what you do!  
Don't trifle with a desperate man!  
Speak to these men or your doom is  
sealed. You won't! Very well; the  
consequences be upon your own head.  
I'll have a divorce—I'll separate from  
you; yes, madam, and I'll take all  
the children to myself, and leave you a  
ruined, destitute, wretched, heart-bro-  
ken female being!"

It didn't occur to the infuriated  
Brown, just then, that he had no chil-  
dren. He had ever cherished strong  
hopes, however, of having an infinite  
number of those useful household or-  
naments, and his ideas were not as clear,  
by any means, as usual.

He was not the Jedediah Brown of former  
times, and it would have puzzled his  
nearest friends to recognize him. The  
working of his mind, and the liquor he  
had drank, had left him in a miserable  
plight.

The justice, putting on his severest  
frown, inquired into the particulars of  
the case. Turning to the prisoner, he  
said:

"So you were caught in the act,  
were you? Well, burglary is a serious  
matter as you'll find out. 'What is  
your name?'"

"Brown," replied Jedediah; "but  
there is a mistake."

"Brown, eh?" interrupted the jus-  
tice; well, the name is against you;  
there have been fourteen burglaries,  
all at once, despite the desperate efforts  
of the Queen, he was overtaken by the  
hallucination of believing himself the  
bridegroom. Some-queer remarks he  
dropped as to his singular destiny in  
being married again during the life-  
time of his first spouse, and as to the  
impropriety of his (the bridegroom's)  
appearance in a military uniform, left  
his exhibitors no chance but to coun-  
termand the spectacle which had been  
announced. The boldness of the  
Queen's operations may be inferred  
from the following incident:

"There still exists an old custom  
at Potsdam, according to which the  
fishermen once in the year pay to the  
King an old feudal tribute of fish. On  
that occasion, the Queen, to prove to  
the men of the people the falsehood of  
the rumors then circulating as to the  
state of the royal mind, dared to invite  
the foremost of these men to a fish  
dinner, to be presided over by the King  
himself. In fact, the dinner went off  
pretty well, the King nutting some  
words learned by rote, smiling, and on  
the whole, behaving properly. The  
Queen, anxious lest the scene so well  
got up should be spoiled, hastened to  
give the guests the signal of departure,  
when all at once the King rose, and in  
a thundering voice demanded to be put  
into the frying-pan. The Arabian tale  
of the man converted into a fish became  
a reality with him."

"I find that it is only my husband,  
and have no complaint to make. But  
it was so late when he came home last  
night, and he was so disguised that I  
was unable to recognize him."

Jedediah Brown said not a word.  
He knew full well how the matter  
stood, and he felt not a little shame for  
the ridiculous part he had enacted. He  
retired with his wife, very passively,  
vowing in his own mind never to be  
caught in a like scrape again.

And that is how he became a teetotaler.

### A Hundred Years Ago.

The Pittsburgh people are preparing  
to celebrate, with public parade, ora-  
tions, processions, &c., on the 25th  
instant, the centennial anniversary of  
the capture of Fort Duquesne, which  
stood on the site now occupied by their  
city. Alluding to it, the Pittsburgh  
Post draws the following sketch of the  
era in which that event occurred:

One hundred years ago there was  
not a single white man in Ohio, Ken-  
tucky, Indiana, or Illinois Territories.  
Then, what is now the most flourishing  
part of America, was as little known  
as the country around the Mountains  
of the Moon. It was not until 1769,  
that the Hunter of Kentucky, the gal-  
lant and adventurous Boone, left his  
home in North Carolina to become the  
first settler of Kentucky. The first  
pioneer of Ohio did not settle until  
twenty years after this time. A hun-  
dred years ago Canada belonged to  
France, and the whole population of  
the United States did not exceed a  
million and a half of people. A hun-  
dred years ago, the great Frederick of  
Prussia was performing those exploits  
which have made him immortal in mili-  
tary annals and with his little monarchy  
was sustaining a single handed contest  
with Russia, Austria, and France—the  
great powers of Europe combined.

A hundred years ago Napoleon was  
not born, and Washington was a young  
and modest Virginia colonel and the  
great events in the history of the two  
worlds in which these great but dis-  
similar men took leading parts were  
then scarcely foreshadowed. A hun-  
dred years ago, the United States were  
the most part of the British Empire,  
on the political horizon no speck indi-  
cated the struggle which, within a score  
of years thereafter, established the  
greatest republic of the world. A hun-  
dred years ago, there was but four  
newspapers in America—steam engines  
had not been imagined and railroads  
and telegraphs had not entered into the  
remotest conceptions of man. When  
we come to look back at it through the  
vista of history, we find that to the  
century which has passed has been al-  
lotted more important events in their  
bearing upon the happiness of the  
world than almost any other which has  
elapsed since the creation.

We wish that our ingenious  
friend, who invented what is called the  
paying-out machinery, for the Niagara  
and Agamemnon, would get up a little  
machine to be used in the case of every  
newspaper subscriber.—Pittsburgh.

As a general thing, the less a  
man reads, the more loquacious he is.  
Put a dozen ignoramuses in a room,  
and they will wrangle all night about  
the "constitutionality of a saw-mill."

MARRIED.—Mr. John Cake to Miss  
Martha Head:

Of marriage it is truly said,  
It doth strange changes make;  
For lo! what was a Merry Head,  
Is now a Patty Cake!

An incorrigible wag who lent  
his minister a horse, which ran away  
and threw his clerical rider, thought  
that he should have some credit for his  
aid in "spreading the gospel."